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Dispatch follow you.

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Primary Judges.

After a vigorous and protracted struggle
the people of Virginia gained for them-
selves the freedom and the power of
nomination by a primary. Nor was this
freedom achieved readily, for a number
of interests entrenched behind the old
systems of ward and convention nomi-
nations naturally feared and obstructed
that method which appealed to the people
direct. No election under the primary
has yet been held that has awakened
anything like the interest of the ap-
proaching senatorial and gubernatorial
nominations. The voters are profoundly
concerned, not only in the success of their
individual candidates, but in the method
by which that success shall be deter-
mined, and it is not too much to say
that the people of Virginia as a whole
regard this primary as a trial of the
whole system—not that the voters believe
that the failure to give a reasonable and
fair primary would discredit the whole
system, but that they feel that the primary
may be so mismanaged as not only to re-
flect discredit or disgrace on those charged
with its control, but also to defeat the
people's will.

To discredit the primary, to rebuff the
popular desire for direct nomination,
whether such result be produced by un-
due expense, by doubt of fairness, or by
active perversion, will be set back the
political life of this State for many
years.

To come to our own problem here in
Richmond, there seems to us no good rea-
son why the City Democratic Committee
should refuse to allow the request made
by representative citizens that one judge
at each precinct be appointed by a dis-
interested board. The alleged reason for
not granting this request is that to take
such a step would reflect upon the char-
acter and capacity of the City Committee.

It is noteworthy that while no vote was
taken a number of the members of
the committee, who have the
highest standing in the community,
expressed themselves as willing to adopt
any method of procedure that
would most nearly insure the people's
wish for a square deal. In so vital a ques-
tion as this, involving as it does the very
basis of popular government, for no peo-
ple can be said to govern themselves when
they cannot elect their own officials, it
would seem an excess of morbidity to al-
low the over-sensitiveness of a few com-
mitteemen to stand in the way of a re-
quest that is on its face, both just, rea-
sonable and for the public good.

The Library: Utility or Play-thing?

A writer in the New York "Indepen-
dent" advances the interesting contention
that public libraries in the United States
have become almost wholly feminized.
"The number of men who take books out
of the town library," he asserts, "or go
to it for reference, is small; a condition
of affairs which he attributes to two
prime causes: "First, the men have come
to think that there is nothing in the
library for them; and, second, they are
usually right in thinking so." And he
adds the suggestion that the mere fact
that library management and attendance
is largely in the hands of women, may
have contributed toward giving the library
a somewhat distinctively feminine char-
acter.

The facts upon which this argument is
based appear to be incontrovertible. Un-
questionably, the number of women who
regularly take advantage of the facili-
ties of the public library is larger, prob-
ably very much larger, than the number
of men. Without doubt, too, as to their
reason for using it, it is roughly true
that women look upon the town library as
a pleasant convenience for providing
recreation for idle hours, rather than as
a working necessity for the supplying of
vital information. Granting this, how-
ever, it still seems true that the "indepen-
dent" writer is unduly pessimistic in
concluding that "the town library is to
be classed rather with municipal amuse-
ments like the band playing in the park

on summer evenings, and the fireworks
on the Fourth, than with public utilities."

Only in the case of a very small and
ill-chosen selection of books, surely, would
the men of a town be right in conclu-
ding that "there is nothing in it for them."
When a library is justly open to that
charge, and it is a serious one, the re-
flection attaches, not to the library idea
as a whole, but to that particular collec-
tion of books. A man may not feel the
need of a library every day, but when
he does need it, he needs it badly. The
prime requisite, obviously, should be that
of usefulness. The library should be the
ever-ready and omniscient educator, the
dependable purveyor of information and
instruction to its community. For that
reason its reference shelves, made of
"books which nobody wants on his
shelves, but which anybody is liable to
need some time," should receive the most
careful consideration. Worthy to dis-
charge its function, it must stand in per-
fect readiness to yield at all times and
at all sorts and conditions of men or
women, the things which he or she indi-
vidually is anxious at that moment to
know. In the matter of finding out things
for ourselves, in short, it must be our
faithful ally and errand teacher.

No doubt the town library, through
lack of funds, or, perhaps, more rarely,
indifferent choice of books, is not always
all that it should be. Where it has
demonstrated its uselessness to the men
within its "sphere of influence," it has
shown itself in so far—and in a most
important direction—a failure. But, for-
tunately, this does not appear to be a
general truth, as could be testified by a
great number of men, particularly in the
larger centers, to whom the public library
has been of the most immeasurable and
priceless assistance. Where the library
has resolved itself into nothing more than
a source of recreation for the non-work-
ing classes of a community, it has, be-
yond contradiction, fallen from its high-
est estate; but even then we should be
inclined to award it a considerably higher
valuation in the life of that community
than we should give to a "municipal
amusement, like the band playing in the
park."

Pessimistic July Orations.

The careful reader and observer of
events can but be impressed with the
fact that the most of this year's crop
of Fourth of July orations were rather
gloomy and in a pessimistic strain.
Looked at from one point of view, this
is to be deplored, but viewed from an-
other point, it looms up as another en-
couraging sign of the times.

Governor Robert B. Glenn, the chief
executive of North Carolina, was the
principal speaker at the Tammany Hall
celebration of Independence Day in New
York city, and the Governor assumed the
role of an out and out pessimist. He
saw terrible clouds overshadowing the
country. True, he admitted that some
of them are no larger than a man's hand,
but he thinks even the hand span clouds
are susceptible of early and prodigious
growth. With vigor of gesture and power
of voice characteristic of the man, Gov-
ernor Glenn declared that "there are
forces to-day at work which, unless
speedily checked, will destroy our nation
and bring shame and disgrace on our
wonderful people." Further on in his
oration the Governor saw awfully black
clouds hanging over the political horizon
and others darker and more portentous
rapidly rising. He undertook to enu-
merate a few of the black canopies.

"First," he said, "is the conflict between
capital and labor. Another great dan-
ger is the concentration of all wealth
in the hands of a few, the few controlling
the many. A third danger is, we are liv-
ing too fast, both as a nation and as in-
dividuals. It is making us a nation of gam-
blers and thieves."

"One more danger, and this is the dan-
ger of the great cities—unrest, anxiety,
a never-ending, ceaseless strain on body,
mind and soul. No time for Sunday and
rest. Vice stalking abroad in the day
and shame without fear walking at night."

Simply awful, if true; and Governor
Glenn, who is the soul of honor, believes
these things to be realities, or he never
would have mentioned them. In a great
measure they are true, but it is fair to
make some little allowance for the con-
dition of the Governor's liver after he had
been wrestling a couple of days with the
dyspepsia-creating dinners and luncheons
for which the Tammany Wigwam is fa-
mous.

That some of these pictured clouds
are imaginary we think there can be no
doubt, but that others of them are in-
deed real, every one, whether he be an
Independence Day orator or just a plain
observer of events, knows full well. The
encouraging sign of the times is that
men of power and influence like Governor
Glenn are arising in their might to con-
demn the evil tendency of things. The
people are equal to any emergency. They
will right wrongs when the wrongs be-
come pronounced and their attention is
called to them. The old maxim that an
ounce of preventive is worth a pound
of cure is as sound to-day as ever, and
so it may be well enough for pessimists
to now and then overdraw the picture
of impending clouds to the end that the
people may be put upon their guard. Even
a pessimist can be made, and some-
times is, very useful. The weak point
in Governor Glenn's Fourth of July ora-
tion is that he left the eagle screaming
in fright and offered the bird no remedy
for its troubles.

However, Judge Parker, late Democratic
candidate for the presidency of the
United States, wrote a letter, which was
read at the same Tammany celebration,
and in that letter he filled the gap Gov-
ernor Glenn had left so wide open. Judge
Parker also saw dark clouds, which he
enumerated as too much greed, graft,
a howling for municipal ownership, po-
litical corruption (national and municipal),
etc., etc., but the Judge suggested a
remedy, an old-fashioned, never-failing
remedy; a remedy that is in the hands of
the people and easily applied. He wrote:
"It is thus made incumbent upon us to
recognize, in the first place, that the dan-
gers which confront us are now, they

require nothing but the old respect for
law, a demand for its rigid execution, and
a recognition of those doctrines and prin-
ciples which fix unalterably the limits of
right and wrong. We do not need to
look for new cures for the old diseases;
we have only to apply the old remedies
in drastic doses."

That is sense, and a good deal of it.
The people have in their hands all the
needed remedies for present and prospec-
tive evils, and the people will apply them
when their attention is properly called to
the case. The country is not going to
the how wows, because the people are
the country, and the people still rule.

Root the Man, If—

It seems plain enough that the Hon.
Elihu Root can be Secretary of State if
he wishes to. His views on the proposed
extensions of the Monroe Doctrine are
substantially those of President Roose-
velt. The fact just at this time makes
Mr. Root the President's first choice. The
only question is can Mr. Root, or will
Mr. Root give up a very lucrative law
practice to accept a high office, whose
salary attained is not sufficient to meet
the necessary bills of a member of the
Cabinet. The expenses of public officers
in Washington must be reduced or their
pay must be increased. If we want the
best men for the positions to be filled.

Reform Up North.

Our good friends up North have made
an honest effort to reform the Fourth
of July, or rather the manner of observ-
ing the anniversary of the Declaration of
Independence. That they are making
progress along this line in spite of the
efforts and influence of the small boy
and the fireworks makers and dealers, is
evidenced by the following from the
esteemed Springfield, Mass., Republican
of the 4th instant:

"The aforesaid pandemonium, which
used to break loose in Springfield before
midnight and rage thereafter, to the mur-
der of sleep and the general discomfort,
was happily absent last night. The re-
lief, which appears to have been general
throughout the city, was welcomed by
all. It looks as if this reform had come
to stay—and it will be the fault of the
people if it doesn't. Great is the power
of a right and well-directed public senti-
ment!"

According to the reports submitted at
the recent reunion of Confederate veterans
at Louisville, only four of the seventeen
lieutenant-generals of the South are now
living, and only four of the major-generals
remain, while of the 292 brigadier-
generals, only seventeen survive, all of
whom are, of course, very old men. The
old fighters are rapidly passing away,
and the sadness of this fact is made all
the sadder by another report submitted
at the reunion to the effect that the order
of the Sons of Veterans is not prosper-
ing, the sons and grandsons of the
brave men who fought for the loved cause
not showing the inclination that was
expected of them to keep up the orga-
nization after the heroes of forty-odd
years ago shall have passed over the
river.

Much has been said and written about
the Bowen-Loomis affair, but it remained
for Life to sum the whole business up
in the neatest nutshell. That journal
puts it this way:

"Mr. Bowen and Mr. Loomis were both
indiscreet. Mr. Bowen believed Mr.
Loomis was a scoundrel, and went out of
his way to make his government aware
of it. It seems he was mistaken; let us
rejoice at that; but he had a great deal
more reason to think what he thought
than he should have had. The impression
left on the mind by the report of the
case submitted to the President is that
Mr. Bowen conducted himself rashly
and obstreperously, but like an honest
man intolerant of graft; and that Mr.
Loomis behaved with great prudence and
self-control in peril, which he ought
never to have incurred. Mr. Bowen has
been dismissed and Mr. Loomis retained,
but which has come off better is a ques-
tion which it will take time to settle."

The fact that Russell Sage has bought
a new summer suit is taken to mean that
Wall Street is just as prosperous as
ever.—Atlanta Journal. There is an awful
temptation to attach a rather different
significance to the transaction, but by
grace we are enabled to resist.

Old subscriber: No, the Mr. Root re-
cently so badly punished in the twelfth
round (as they say) is not the gentle-
man prominently mentioned for the Pres-
ident's Cabinet. Jack must never be con-
founded with Elihu.

Iowa is still loaded with new "Ioda
ideas." Two farmers in that State set-
tled a land boundary dispute the other
day by the simple method of shaking
dice.

The unlucky thing about the Wallace
business is that Senator Morgan is fur-
nished material for another speech of
two or three months' duration.

In the downfall of Durham and the
crash of things in Philadelphia, Sena-
tor Penrose gets lost under a pile of rub-
bish that is about a mile deep.

Another "ga-lorious Fourth" has played
a one day stand with us, and it will
take two or three more days in which to
estimate the casualties.

Enough fire crackers and sky rockets
came on the scene yesterday and last
night to demonstrate that we are slowly
becoming Yankeeized.

The Chicago grand jury and Commis-
sioner Garfield are very wide apart on
estimates of the assets and profits of
the beef trust.

The members of the peace pow-wowsky
have all been appointed, and the real
fight between Russia and Japan will soon
be on.

YOU CAN'T AFFORD

To experiment with your health. If
you're sick, get a bottle of Hostetter's
Stomach Bitters at once and let it make
you strong and robust again. It has
been doing this for over 50 years.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

will restore the appetite, strengthen the
stomach and relieve Headache, Dizziness,
Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Constipation,
Heartburn, Female Disorders and Mala-
ria. Don't fail to try it.

Brief Items From Everywhere.

Shonts Arrested.

STAMFORD, CONN., July 5.—T. B.
Shonts, of Chicago, chairman of the Pan-
ama Canal Commission, was arrested
here yesterday afternoon for violation of
the automobile law in New York.

Shonts, with a party of ladies, did an
eight of a mile in twenty-two seconds,
while en route to his summer home at
Greenwich. He gave bond for his appear-
ance in court.

Important Discovery.

BERLIN, July 4.—Another important
discovery has been made by Professor
Robert Koch, who is at Ikinga, German
Southwest Africa. In a telegram from
that place, he announces that he has
found the origin of the tsetse disease in
certain infusoria in the body of the tsetse
fly.

The discovery leads to the hope that
means will be found to combat the epi-
demic, which annually kills thousands of
cattle.

Baltimore Fire Victim's Luck.

BALTIMORE, July 4.—A house occupied
by Peter Pulaski, on Forbes Street, was
destroyed by fire yesterday. Pulaski
moved here from Baltimore recently, hav-
ing been burned out by the fire there.
Monday he drew \$800 out of a bank,
with which to purchase a new home. The
money was in a cupboard, and was con-
sumed.

Killed By Side of Fiancee.

BOSTON, July 5.—Early in the day this
year's Independence Day celebration in
Boston claimed its first victim, and the
life of William Brown was sacrificed to
the carelessness of some unknown person
who was firing a revolver in violation of
the law. Brown, who was sitting on the
steps of the house, No. 15 Anderson
Street, in the West End, with his fiancée,
suddenly fell forward without a word.

Airship Disabled.

NEW YORK, July 5.—Leo Stevens's
airship, the California Arrow, was dis-
abled at Brighton Beach early yesterday
in an attempt to make a record flight.
In contact with telegraph poles, which tore
off two of its propellers. Luckily the ma-
chine was near the ground when it
struck the obstruction.

Though suffering from concussion sus-
tained as the result of the accident,
Stevens was not seriously injured.

Miss Gould to Aid Sailors.

NEW YORK, July 5.—Miss Helen
Gould is to spend another fortune in be-
half of the American sailor. She is to con-
struct a large addition to the naval
branch of the Y. M. C. A. in Brooklyn,
created by her at a cost of nearly a mil-
lion dollars.

Miss Gould is moved to make her latest
gift because of the inadequate sleeping
accommodations in the present home of
the bluejackets. She has learned that hun-
dreds of tars are nightly turned away
for lack of room.

Meningitis in German Navy.

BERLIN, July 5.—Cerebro spinal men-
ingitis continues epidemic in parts of Ger-
many. Some cases occurred this week
among the sailors at Kiel, at Kattowitz,

THE "JIM BLUDSO"

POEM BY JOHN HAY

In his younger days, the late Hon.
John Hay, statesman and diplomat,
wrote dialect poetry. It is said that in
his maturer years he was ashamed of
some of the products of his immature pen
and often expressed the wish that he
might be able to recall from time and
from the memory of all men the dis-
tinct verses which Mr. Hay should ever
have regretted giving to the world "Lit-
tle Breeches" or "Jim Bludso," it is
hard to understand, and the late
narrated he seemed to have had a real
spite, and it is reported that for the
past twenty-five years Mr. Hay destroyed
every copy of it he saw in print. Barring
the straight-laced strict con-
structionists might regard as too much liberty
with accepted doctrine and with the
sacred proprieties we regard "Jim Blud-
so" as a gem that its author might well
have been proud of. Here it is:

"JIM BLUDSO."
Wall, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got to get the habit
Of livin' like you and me.

Whar have you been for the last three
year,
That you haven't heard folks tell
How my Bludso passed in his checks
The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint—them engineers
Is all pretty much alike—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
And another one here in like.

And he was in his talk with Jim,
And an awkward man in a row,
But he never flunked, and he never lied—
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had—
To treat his engine well;
Never be pussed on the river;
To mind the pilot's bell;

And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire—
A thousand times he swore
He'd hold her nose and get her
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississippi,
And the day came to the Missippi;
The Mover was a better boat,
But the Belle, she wouldn't be passed,
And so she come tearin' along that
night.

The oldest craft on the line—
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and
pine.

The fire bust out as she cleared the bar,
And the day came to the night,
And quick as a flash she turned and made
For that willer-bank on the right.

There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim
Yelled out,
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nose agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the
burnin' boat,
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And know'd he would keep his word.

And, sure's you're born, they all got off
And Bludso's boat was ashore;
And Bludso's boat went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint—but at judgment
He'd run my chance with Jim,
'Lonsides of some plous gentlemen
That would give a hook-hand with him.
He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing—
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't goin' to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

Has Always Worn Boots.

United States Commissioner Shields, of
New York, put on his first pair of shoes
last week. From boyhood up he had
stuck to old-fashioned boots, and the
new footwear caused him no end of trou-
ble. Every now and then throughout the
first day he had had to tie up the
straps of his boots, and then he discovered
his socks wouldn't stay up. "My son
Arlene got me to buy them," he said.
"I'm glad to hear that," he said, "but I
don't think you had better buy any more
socks. I'll send him out to town to-morrow
and buy him a pair of boots. They stay tied,
it's all right if your socks do with-
in."

Tenement House Strike.

NEW YORK, July 5.—Forty families in
the big five-story tenement house at Nos.
100 and 111 Governor Street, are on strike
against their landlord, Samuel Cohen,
who has been made practically a prisoner
in his own house, and says he is in fear
of violence if he attempts to go on the
street. Tenement dwellers and the po-
lice of the locality are watching the con-
troversy with much interest.

Besides refusing either to pay the in-
creased rent or to move, the tenants have
posted notices in the hallways of the
building and fastened the front of the
structure with placards printed in red
ink, telling the world that a righteous
strike is on against the landlord, and re-
questing all friends of the poor to keep
away from the place and refrain from
leaving apartments. The notices are
printed in Hebrew and English.

Use Maple Syrup.

MONTPELIER, VT., July 5.—Governor
Bell has named his elder daughter,
Miss Jennie Bell, to break the customary
bottle over the bow of the battleship
Vermont, when it is launched at Quincy,
Mass., August 31st.

Most pleasant has appeared in the
State press over what should be used at
the launching.

Maple syrup has been suggested by sev-
eral editors as Vermont's most typical
product.

Others think a bottle of hard cider
would be fitting for a battleship named
for a truly rural State.

Shot When He Went to Wed.

NEW YORK, July 5.—On request of
the Port Reading, N. J., police, Gargi
Azholine, a fireman on the United States
transport Kilpatrick, was arrested on his
arrival here last night.

According to the Port Reading police,
Azholine went there yesterday "to be mar-
ried, but got into an altercation with the
bride's family, which led to the drawing
of revolvers. Azholine fled for protection
to a clump of bushes, from which he
fired on his pursuers, who returned the
fire.

With a bullet in his left leg, he suc-
ceeded in making his escape and catching
a train for New York, where he was
arrested.

Mystery in Robbery.

NEW YORK, July 5.—It seems to be
fully established that it was not an out-
sider who stole the jewelry worth \$25,000
from the home of Jackson Higginson,
the banker, last Saturday morning. When
Detective McCafferty went to the Hig-
ginson house to investigate yesterday
the door was slammed in his face, and
it is understood that other detectives have
been told that their services were not
needed.

Guests of Prince Henry.

KIEL, GERMANY, July 5.—Mr. and
Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt returned here
from Travemunde on the steam yacht
North Star, and then departed for Hem-
melsmark, where they will be the guests
of Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia,
for several days. Hemmelsmark is Prince
Henry's new country house.

THIS DAY IN HISTORY

July 6th.

1189—Henry II., of England, died. He
added Brittany and Ireland to his
dominions, attempted to repress the
ambition of the clergy, and died of
a broken heart at the rebellion of his
children.

1495—The Venetians, under Francesco de
Mantua, and 8,000 French and
Swiss, under Charles VIII.

1734—Battle of Quistello (War of the
Pulch succession), between the Im-
perialists, under Prince Eugene, and
the French, under the Duc de Bro-
glie. Prince Eugene gained a signal
victory.

1746—Battle of Rottor Freddo (War of the
Austrian Succession), when the rear-
guard of the retreating French army,
under Jean Mollat, was attacked
by the Austrians, under Prince Lach-
enstein, and after a gallant resist-
ance defeated with heavy loss.

1779—Action off Granada between the
British fleet, Admiral Barrington,
twenty-seven ships, and French fleet,
twenty-seven ships, Admiral d'Es-
taint.

1782—Sixth action between the British
fleet, Admiral Hughes, and French,
Admiral Suffrein, in the night, in close
action. Both fleets suffered much;
French lost the Orient, crew saved.

1801—The Convention of Amiens, between the
British and French fleets. A Brit-
ish seventy-four grounded and was
captured.